

not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman, for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South did not for a long time know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend—the one friend who had the power and the will to save it alike from its enemies and itself. The direst blow that could have fallen upon a hapless and prostrate people was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

Much of a misleading kind has been written touching what did and did not happen at the

On his return to Washington he laid these two papers before his Cabinet. Inevitably there was opposition. "Why, gentlemen," he said, "how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end in one hundred days, is it? It is costing us \$4,600,000 a day. There you have the \$400,000,000, not counting the intervening loss of lives and property. But, you are all against me, and I will say no more about it." Both papers still stand in his own handwriting.

The death of Lincoln removed from the head of affairs the best, if not the only,

Sumner and the eulogy of Lucius Lamar. It was an epoch-making speech. The North recognized its fidelity and its truth, and warmed to it. Thenceforward the South could see its way ahead. Instead of sprinkling salt on raw places, it began to be the fashion to pour oil; instead of twisting the lion's tail to pat his mane. Later came Gladstone, with his wondrous appeal—resistance for whom could stand out against the cogent reasoning and simple pathos of that big-brained, great-hearted, that immortal boy, pleading in the name of a new generation for a united country?